

## The Duel.

A Drama in Two Acts.  
(With Two Bad Actors).

By C. B. QUINCY.

**ACT I: "I AM INSULT!"**  
PRINCE SAGO:—That Boney! La, la, I snap at them so fingers!  
COUNT BONEY:—That Sago! He sees, how ze American say eet, one beez bash!  
SAGO (looking at Boney with the supercilious smile peculiar to the high nobility):—Bah!  
BONEY (drawing himself up to his full 8 feet 2 inches):—Bah! He lubs at me—mol, the ex-husband of an heiress. Pooh, pooh, for yours, sacred pudding of Sago!  
SAGO—You make to me the pooh-pooh; no, yes?  
BONEY—A thousand thunders! But certainly.  
SAGO—Then to you the bah!  
BONEY—Bah to a Boney! Holy bones of my ancestors. Mol, I weel, as ze American say, cut loose.  
SAGO—But nevalre.  
BONEY—Ah, I am demi-American, no? I weel in a moment one to heem hand, non?  
SAGO—Holy Blup, for you the contempt.  
BONEY—Ze hor game, I weel land to him weeth a fist punch.  
SAGO (shouting fast footwork):—Bah!  
BONEY—What would you—to make feet-work to the back-quittaire. Cleench, cleench, yes.  
SAGO (tripping and falling):—Bah! To you, cursed Boney, bah! A thousand bashes!  
BONEY (landing on prostrate Sago and pulling his hair):—Ah, the American box-fight. But for me fist champ, yes, nit?  
SAGO—Pig, dog, vulture, raven, fowl!  
BONEY—That for the ear, that for the cheek, for the nose; one, two, three.  
SAGO—Jug-jug-poo!  
BONEY (as butcher boy picks him up by the slack of his coat):—Sacred thunder! A one of the causille to hand me!  
SAGO (rising slowly to his feet):—I am insult!

**ACT II: "I BLEED FOR HONOR!"**  
BONEY (reading letter):—"Meet me before the Old Mill at 6:30 and I will wipe out in blood the insult you have done me. I am the candy kid, old sport, and don't you forget it!"—Sago.  
A thousand lightnings and ten thousand thunders. To the death, no? This Sago, he has the pluck enormous. To choose the weapon, eet is up to me, non? But yes. The fetid duster, eet is safe, but warlike, nit. The pillow of the bed, eet is too heavy. The sword, eet huris not enough, and the pistol, no, no! The pistol goes pout! and the affair ends.  
Sago is my beast black; I weel to heem throw in the scare. I select the razor of safety. Eet is American. To the ground, all of quick.  
[Boney beats it to the Old Mill.]  
SAGO—Scared pink, eet is barbarous, this safety razor there.  
BONEY—The choice to me is; mol, I choice this safety razor there.  
SAGO (taking up a safety razor):—But this is barbarous, this there, holy blue!  
BONEY—Je suis tres mad, no?  
SAGO—On guard!  
BONEY—A loutrance!  
(They fence; steel clashes on steel and the duellists stamp and pant.)  
SAGO—Mal-de-mer!  
BONEY: Ah, ha! Pomme de terre!  
(Shaves off part of Sago's mustache.)  
SAGO—Touche! I bleed for honor!  
(Lies down.)  
BONEY—Get to yourself the arise!  
SAGO—J'y suis, j'y reste.  
BONEY—Where is that Jim Jeffries then? Mol, champion of the world, non?

## Tommy Todd:

He Writes to His Uncle Jack.

By WEX JONES.

dear unkel Jack I suppose u no 2day is krismls I no lit  
I gott 50 cents 2 times last Nite I time from mister brown & 1 Time from bil wilson each of them sed putt This pece of missel toe over The dore of the hawl.  
I went 2 putt the peeces there butt siss Had putt A big pece There awt redddy soe I gott 2 50 cents for Doola nuthin sanny klaws Will come down The chimbles 2day butt I Peepd Inn The closet when lit Was open & I saw A awto lit for mee I gess toodles woodent Want lit shees only a geri like siss I cant see What bil wilson & mister brown want 2 Bee round with eiss for  
shee cant allie down The hannister tommy  
dear unkel Jack I Hav 2 rite sum moar 2nite the hows lla full of a sistent dore not Forgett 2 molla is krismls.  
mister brown Hee throo bil wilson awt of Thee dore they came Att Thee saine time & eech lookd att the missel toe & then Att eech other & bil wilson (siss calls hymn Thee hero of the Gridd iron att yall hee sez remove yure self u pupp whoo R u enny way A Kandy stoar clerk mister brown hee karried bil wilson Owt & droppd hymn over Thee fence & sed runn along & by Yure self sum Pautts. soe much for Thee hero.  
mister brown Then hee mett siss Att thee dore & hee catchd Her & shee sez o Whoo cood hav putt that Thare & mister brown Hee was Tiklidd & hee gav mee another 50 cents thiss is easy.  
I was thinkin A white pupp Wood bee A use present for A boy tommy.

dear unkel Jack I herd Pop say hee woodent allow Euny moar pupps Inn thee haws.  
I think A trane thatt runs by Steam wood bee use for A boy dont? u.  
toodles shee sez 2 tol u A doll that says papa & mommer wood Bee A nice present butt that like A geri A dolls A fool thing. merry krismls dear unkel Jack tommy.  
**Identification.**  
"Haven't I seen you before somewhere?"  
"Maybe. I have often been somewhere."  
"No, but haven't I, on the square?"  
"Probably. I have been on the square."  
"But, joking aside."  
"Well, joking aside, were you in Chicago at the last Republican convention?"  
"Yes."  
"Stopped at the Palmer House?"  
"You bet."  
"Well, I was in Europe that year."  
—Nashville American.

## An Apology.

1908—Who's that awful old tramp over there?  
1909—That, sir, is my mother.  
1908—Er—ah—oh, yes—um, Well—ahem—you just ought to see mine!—Harvard Lampoon.

## The Hallroom Boys---They Do It on \$13 Per

The Senator from Arizona Offers Them a Cool Thing in Mining Stock.

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## Oh, Isn't He the Pie-Face!

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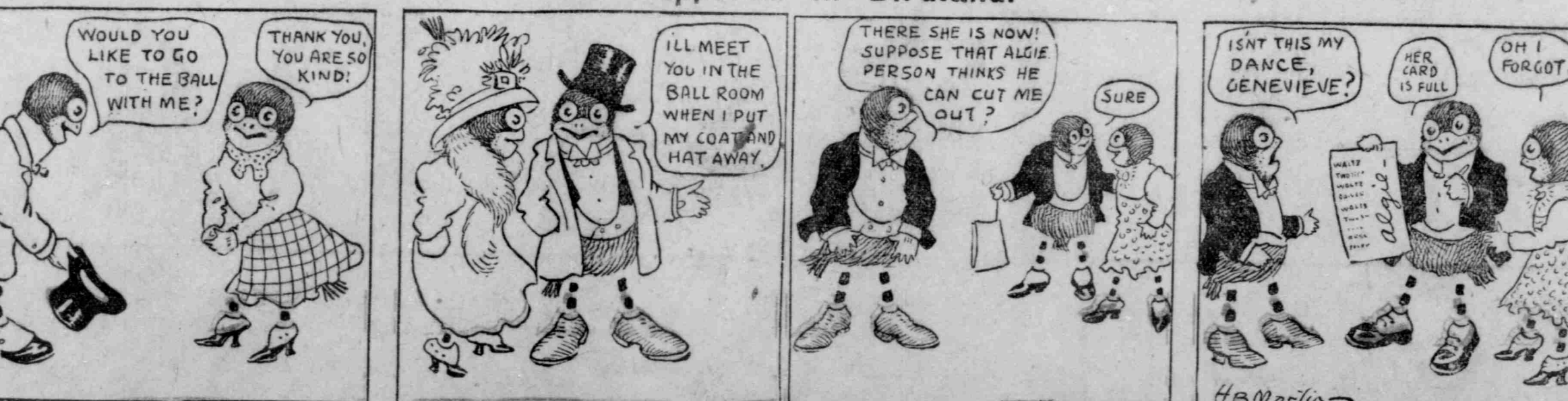
## Braggio the Monk Was Once a Drummer Boy.

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## It Happened in Birdland.

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## Little Bobbie.

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

**OBBIIE**, sed teecher, what do you know about Fairies & Fairy Tales? I wish you wud say somethin, she sed, making them as much up to dalt as possibel. So this is what I have rote:  
**FAIRY TALE Number One (1)**  
ONCE upon Times Square there was a actor walking along wich had just been let out of a big show becaus the show had stopped being big after the third (3) week. The actor was tall & graceful, with the eyes of a wuan of the world & the long, eager fingers of a tragedian wich tolls not neether does he eet.  
Jest then a terrible Giant cam along. He was as big as a house in New Hoshell, wich made him about a lite heavy weight & he was also a newspaper man, wich made him also middel weight champion. Fee Fi Fum, sed the Giant, I see a Actor Cum, His Stummick is Flat & his hands is Numbl!  
The Actor was a brave man, like all Actors & he wasent afraid of the terrible Giant, cum into this Tavern, he sed to the Giant & I will have time to talk jest one (1) dram wich beforar I have to go & find a other Giant, he sed.  
The Giant was also a brave man, but like most Giants he was very thick in the hed, so he went with the Actor & paid for a dram of sumthing for the two (2) of them. Aha, sed the Actor, this warns the cockles of the hart & makes the lifeblood gaily start, clear from the hed down to the foot, I wonder if you will repeat!  
The poor Giant was jest going to bed & after chening his teeth wich took a long time so it was very dark, he looked up in the sky & there he saw a brite littel Star looking down at him out of the hevrens.  
O Littel Star, sed the grate Ruler, you are so littel & I am so big, let me give you sum advise, why dont you git over a littel to the South so you will be away from the Milky Way wich is the Broadway of the Skys, if you git further away you will shine more, when I got away from Broadway & went to Washington I shined moar, littel star, sed the Ruler.  
You are indeed a grate ruler, sed the littel Star, many a time when you was out on the grate plains or in the rugged mountains I have watched over you & herd yure gentel smores rising above the wall of the wildlids. I am yure Star of Destiny, sed the littel star.  
& will you always be my star of Destiny, sed the grate Ruler. Will I be a other Napolyon, he sed.  
Even so, sed the littel Star, yure name will shine with grater & farer luster as the yeers go by, & when yure time has came & you are laid away for yure last rest the singel letter "I" will mark yure tomb for coming ages to Reever.  
Then the littel Star winked at the grate Ruler.

## To-Day's Best Story

THE widow of a German officer presented herself at the office in Berlin for the purpose of drawing the pension due her. She handed in the necessary certificate from the Mayor of the village in which she lived to the effect that she was still alive.  
"This certificate is not correct," said the officer in charge.  
"What is the matter with it?" asked the lady.  
"It bears the date of September 21," was the stern reply, "and your pension was due on September 15."  
"What kind of a certificate do you wish?" asked the disappointed applicant.  
"We must have a certificate stating that you were alive on September 15," said the officer with great firmness.

## A Welsh View.

The incumbent of an old and historic church in Wales who had been showing a party of Americans around asked them to visit his parochial school, of which he was very proud, in the fond hope of a liberal donation.  
After a recitation or two, he invited them to question the scholars, and one of the party accepted the invitation.  
"Little boy," said he to a rosy-faced lad, "can you tell me who George Washington was?"  
"Iss, surr," was the smiling reply. "It was a Merican genral."  
"Quite right. And can you tell me what George Washington was remarkable for?"  
"Iss, surr. 'E was remarkable 'cos 'e was a 'Merican an' told the trewth."  
The rest was self-evident. It was not followed by a donation.—Cassell's Journal.

## Handy Weapon.

"If you want to keep off hold-up men," said an old detective to the observer, "carry a cane. A hold-up man is more afraid of a cane than he is of a revolver. He's dentally afraid that the man carrying it will jab it in his face or eyes or get the end of it in his mouth. On this account they're just as much afraid of a small, light stick as they are of a heavy one."  
"There are so many different ways of using a cane that a man doesn't know just which way to guard against it. And any man can use it. Nine men out of ten who carry revolvers couldn't hit the side of a barn with them, and the 'hold-ups' know it, but it doesn't take any skill or practice to learn to slambang away with a walking stick."—Columbus Dispatch.

## Taking No Chances.

Henry Clews, the banker and author, was talking about a certain financier.  
"No wonder the man is so successful," said Mr. Clews. "He is the most careful, the most suspicious fellow I ever heard of. In fact, he reminds me of a Staffordshire farmer my father used to tell of."  
"It was said of this farmer that when-ever he bought a herd of sheep he examined each sheep closely to make sure that it had no cotton in it."—Washington Star.

## Superstitious Golfers.

The two chief golfing superstitions are that two up and five to play never won a match and that it is unlucky to win the first hole. It is hard to say which is the sillier of the two.—London Daily Mail.

## Lesser Evil.

The Professor—I want you children to go to my lecture to-night.  
Robert—Couldn't you whip us instead, just this once, papa?—Life.